fragments of *Ajax* and of *Proserpine* that I was planning to give to *Vers ct Prose.™*

Wednesday morning Copeau goes back to Le Limon; the cab that takes him to his mother's, then to the station, drops me at the house of A.B.

An A. B. in best form, supple and unstarched, for whom my friendship blossoms out again; he talks again of a trip and invites me to join him in Morocco in June. . . .

Very calm afternoon, during which, without exactly working, I get a bit nearer to work.

Valentine dines with us and we go together (with Jeanne, whom we pick up on the way) to the Theatre des Arts. I stupidly ask for a box; the boxes of the Theatre des Arts are so ridiculously arranged that one can see only a third of the stage. The nerve of a neighbor who stretches out and leans against the railing of the next box makes me furious. Ein/s whole horizon is formed of his shoulders, and naturally she withdraws, resigns herself; however little one leaves her, it is always enough for her. The worst of it is that she was much better placed before, when she was in the back and could get up; I am the one who made her sit in the front for the second act; if only she would lean forward a little! . . * but in order not to get in the way of her two sisters, she draws back, on the contrary, restricting herself deliberately. . . . I touch the elbow of the man who is in the way; he turns around, and when I signal to him to sit back a little more:

'Why I declare! No, I won't!" he said, thinking moreover that I am protesting only on my own account (like that swaggerer who in the train from Switzerland was amazed to see me smoking and said: *I thought smoking bothered you," the imbecile, because an hour earlier I had begged him not to smoke his nauseating cigar in the compartment

where Em. and Jeanne were sitting, but to go to the next compartment, reserved for smokers, where I myself had gone to light my cigarette).

Em. begins to get worried; I am aware that I can no longer control myself; I want to strike out, to shout, to weep; I leave the box trembling all over and go back alone to Auteuil.

*Friday*

Yesterday morning received Einstein, a little round German who wants to found a new review to struggle for modem tendencies, which he reproaches for something or other. Likable, but still in the pasty state; like all Germans.

[15] These two dramas by Gide were never finished; Proserpina, "fragment of a drama/* did appear in the issue of *Vers et Prose* for January-Maid! 1912. Years later he returned to this theme and wrote *Per$£ph0n&* for Ida Rubinstein.